GLEE.—The MARINERS.—Compoſed in 1614.

WE be three poor Mariners,
Newly come from the ſeas;
We ſpend our lives in jeapordy,
While others live at eaſe;
Shall we go dance the round, the round,
Shall we go dance the round;
And he that is a bully, boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for thoſe martial men
That do our ſtates diſdain;
But we care for thoſe merchant-men,
That do our ſtates maintain;
To them we dance the round, the round,
To them we dance the round;
And he that is a bully, boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.

---

GLEE.—Mr. WEBB.

YOU gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as ſafe as my own;
I've not loſt it—but what can I ſay?
Not your heart from mine can be known.